

THE OMEN

A black and white cartoon illustration for 'THE OMEN'. In the foreground, a large, round, smiling jack-o'-lantern with a wide, toothy grin and closed eyes. Behind it, a chaotic crowd of various horror-themed characters. There's a vampire with fangs and a high-collared cape, a ghost with a sheet and button, a mummy wrapped in bandages, a zombie with a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression, a witch with a pointed hat and broom, a clown with a large nose and a mischievous grin, and a man in a suit and tie. There are also several other figures, some with exaggerated features like large eyes or multiple limbs. Bats are flying in the background. The title 'THE OMEN' is written in a large, dripping, blood-like font at the top. In the bottom right corner, there is a small box containing the text 'JC 97' and a small icon.

NEWS

ETC.

COLUMNS AND COMMENTARY

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"Gabe Ruegg is a very attractive man."

— Jordan



The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say**. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Jenifer Howk** (E-211, box 312) or **Jordan Strauss** (J-309, box 1007). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to **Mat Lauritsen** (J-304). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag** will dish it back 700 times. What better way to **be heard?**

EDITORIAL

$$\overline{5 \cdot 7 \cdot 5}$$

by Jordan Strauss

I would like to talk about the merits of an objective forum. Here at the Omen we have an old saying (blah)

a donut with no hole is a danish. That just does not apply here. It is

a funny line from caddyshack. The point I wanted to drive home here is that just because we may print something about date rape, that does not mean that we get our kicks raping women. By the same token, we may not agree with the rebuttal. This should be pretty clear by this point, but just to make sure I would like to draw an example from very recent times tonight I was in my room watching cable news (CNN). They had a story on some company that was dumping chemicals into some river. That does not mean that they (CNN) support the bastards just that they wanted to tell us all about it okay, that story did not really make much sense. Experimental journalism sucks. 0

THE AMAZING HALLOWEEN ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK

by Jacob Chabon



NEWS



by Michelle Beach

The contract food service side of what was until recently Marriott International Services merged with Sedexho Food Services, said Doug Martin, Director of Dining Services.

Mariott International Services used to include hotels and contracted businesses. The merger split the hotel part of Mariott from the contract part, which includes college food services.

"Mr. Mariott is separating two businesses that had nothing in

common," Martin said. "Now he can focus on the hotels. By moving the contract service out it is a better investment."

The merger will have no effect on the food services here at Hampshire.

"You will not know the difference," Martin said. "Mariott investors still have 51 percent. And the [current] president of Mariott will be the CEO of the new company. The top management will remain the same."

The merger should actu-

Marriott merges; invertebrates in SAGA food unaffected



ally make the food service better.

"We can take the best from Sedexho and the best from Marriott and put them together," said Martin. "But it won't have a big effect on Hampshire because there are not too many places like Hampshire."

So, it seems that the only noticeable thing that will be changed is the name.

"The new company will be called Sedexho Marriott Services," Martin said. "But we can't even get you to call us Marriott."

Hampshire Campus Police Log: 10/14 - 10/20

DISTURBANCES

- Oct. 14, 2:40 p.m.: Red Barn; problem with individual on phone
- Oct. 16, 11:56 p.m.: Merrill; noise complaint re: B3
- Oct. 17, 1:16 a.m.: Prescott; noise complaint re: 77
- Oct. 18, 2:20 a.m.: Dakin; noise complaint re: 13
- Oct. 18, 3:40 a.m.: Enfield; problem with student in 41

ETC.

- Oct. 15, 1:15 p.m.: Enfield; door reported damaged
- Oct. 17, 11:13 p.m.: Liquor law violation FPH Area; underage non-student talked with
- Oct. 18, 1:02 a.m.: Dining Commons; coat reported stolen
- Oct. 19, 6:07 p.m.: Suspicious person in Dakin; unable to locate individual

SPECIAL SERVICE

- Oct. 15, 6:35 p.m.: Merrill; attempted to locate student for parent
- Oct. 17, 4:56 p.m.: Health Services; student assisted with picking up medication
- Oct. 18, 3:15 p.m.: FPH; staff member contacted with message
- Oct. 18, 4:24 p.m.: FPH; frisbee rescued from roof

FIRES AND FIRE ALARMS

- Oct. 14, 2:56 a.m.: Small fire in Dakin Quad extinguished
- Oct. 16, 8:21 p.m.: Cooking smoke in Merrill B Basement
- Oct. 17, 12:45 a.m.: Cigarette smoke in Prescott 77

- Oct. 18, 2:31 p.m.: Burnt toast in Dakin D4 lounge
- Oct. 19, 10:05 a.m.: Cooking smoke in Greenwich 17
- Oct. 19, 5:10 p.m.: Cooking smoke in Greenwich 15

TRAFFIC

- Oct. 16, 7:00 p.m.: Arts Complex Circle; student spoken to about driving
- Oct. 17, 2:00 a.m.: Prescott; vehicle towed from fire lane

and the statue in that area is a moving changing place where different images can be used and displayed in the public. Even that high way banner makes for a nice change of material you see at a busy or even public street or road, or the street part here.

EPEC: It's not just for Agro-Dancing anymore

by Michelle Beach

The Experimental Program in Education and Community (EPEC) began as an integral part of Chris Kaweck's Division III. His goal was to create a forum for students to express ideas outside of the traditional classroom setting.

Now that Chris is gone, EPEC is left to the molding hands of Krya Minihane and Paul Puri. They are desperately trying to get EPEC grounded as a permanent part of Hampshire.

"We are trying to put

EPEC back together," Krya said. "Everyone running it last year left."

This semester there are six courses and complete funding. They hope for an increased interest next semester.

"For some reason we can get anything we want from Greg Prince," Krya said. "Chris and he were pretty close."

Paul and Krya are trying to set up a faculty associate, a permanent EPEC facility, and a structured way to integrate EPEC work into divisional work. They

hope by letting people know they can receive credit for their EPEC work, more people will be willing to give the time commitment.

Involvement from the greater community is also something they are looking to develop. They are meeting with the five colleges and also different groups in Northampton and Amherst.

"This year the goal is to make it different. We want courses in each of the four schools," said Krya. "We are trying to make it more academic but not traditional."

Apocalypse now: "Marisol"

by Kim Williams

For those of you who just can't wait for the apocalypse, what better place than Hampshire's Mainstage Theatre next weekend? Hampshire College Theatre, in association with Hampshire Independent Productions, Advanced Imaging, and the AIDS Action Collective — ACT UP/Amherst, present José Rivera's "Marisol" beginning Friday, November 6 at Emily Dickinson Hall.

Rivera adds his own interpretation to the tried and true "wrath of an angry God" scenario, with Mr. Omniscent himself is going senile and destroying the world as we know it. The angels of heaven decide to save what is left of the world and plan

the mutiny of all mutinies by going into revolt against the God of Heaven. The catch comes into play when the angels begin their revolution, and the natural world is left to fend for itself amid turmoil and chaos.

All this is seen through the eyes of the young New York woman Marisol Perez, portrayed by UMass student Kay Moriarty. Her guardian angel (Eve MacNeil) warns Marisol of the coming chaos, but nothing can prepare Marisol for what she is about to witness — Armageddon and the complete reversal of everything she knows. And what end-of-the-world play would be complete without an insane man with a golf club, skinheads, an insane man with an ice

cream cone, a pregnant man, an insane woman with a golf club, angels with uzis and regular, run-of-the-mill insane people? It all kind of makes you want to go home and call your mom, you know?

Kim Williams will play "The Woman with Furs" in "Marisol" when it goes up Nov. 6-9 and again Nov. 13-15. All shows are at 8 p.m. and are \$2.50 for students. For more info or reservations call the box office at X5351. Donations will be taken at the door for Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS/Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS, the nation's largest industry-based organization addressing the challenges of the AIDS epidemic.

CORRECTIONS

Oct. 17, 1997

• Mark Stern was not credited for his union photos.

• Cat Whitehead's column should have been titled "Feminism makes it hard to get laid."

• Michelle Tinkelpaugh was not credited in list of contributors

• Thanks to Jeff Barnett for donating his personal photos to this issue.

• Sorry about that Challenger mishap Printer problems. Our bad.



Women who cry "Rape"

By Cat Whitehead

Contributors: Erica Kast and Rob Edmondson

Senario: A girl (let's call her Elvira) and her friend get invited to a fraternity party by a frat boy (let's call him Magnus) that Elvira has a crush on. Before they leave for the party, Elvira and her friend decide to split a six-pack. Now, keep in mind that Elvira is physically a small person who doesn't drink a lot. She is also underage. At this party, she proceeds to down about 6-7 more beers and flirt with Magnus. It gets late and people start to leave the party. Magnus asks her if she would like to go back to his room and watch movies (hint, hint, suggestive wink...) Elvira says okay. Both are thoroughly drunk. In his room they start kissing. Magnus tries to cop a feel, she says no. They continue kissing. Later, he moves his hand down again and she doesn't say anything. He proceeds to have sex with her; she starts crying silently but doesn't ask him to stop or try to resist. The next day, she decides that he raped her.

I'm sorry, but to me, this isn't rape — it's too stupid drunk people. These days **Date Rape accusations are starting to become like the Salem Witchcraft Trials — a way to get back at someone you don't like**, or a way to absolve yourself of the consequences of your actions. It seems that everywhere you go, Date Rape is be-

ing discussed. Yet most of the criteria for determining if rape has occurred are bullshit: "If she's too drunk to say yes, it's rape" — what about if he's drunk? And besides, most drunk people are really horny. If I was drunk and with a guy I liked and he wouldn't fool around with me solely because I was drunk, I'd be pissed off and frustrated! And what about "No means No" — well, you see, this is a tricky one because sometimes it doesn't mean 'no' exactly. Though most are too brainwashed to admit it, women don't always want to have to be in control of sex. Having the person you desire throw you down and have his/her way with you, is a pretty common fantasy. Now, I'm not advocating that men go out and force the next hot chick they see to have sex with them, merely saying that it's hard to know what someone really wants you to do.

The Date Rape Prevention advocates are invading our schools, leading workshops that are little more than sexist exercises in scare tactics. I personally think that they do more damage to Women's Rights than some of the Right Wing Christian Movements (and I'm a born-again pagan). Women need to stop crying "Rape" and start taking responsibility for their actions! Women are not the helpless victims of the male aggressor! Instead of preaching the same old sermons about how bad Date Rape is, we should teach girls some common sense: Don't go places alone with guys you don't know well; Don't get

drunk off your ass at a party. Don't put your own car on dates. Don't go to sketchy places alone at night. Take a self-defense course. **THINK! If you hook up with someone and don't want to fuck him, tell him that before it goes too far. If he wants more, give him a blow job — that way everybody's happy.** Some people say that women shouldn't have to be so careful, that in a perfect world we could all walk naked through a room of drunks without getting our asses pinched. Hello!!! — we live in a fucked up world where little kids are abused and old ladies get hit on the head by hoods who want to steal their Social Security checks. Get used to it. I've heard Date Rape compared to walking by yourself late at night in a bad neighborhood and getting mugged. Yeah, it's not your fault, but you have to ask yourself why the hell you were so stupid as to put yourself in danger. All I can say is: Chickies, take responsibility of yourself, don't ever give someone the power to determine what happens to you, no matter how much you may trust them.

I'm not denying that rape does occur or that it is a serious crime. In fact it is because I take real rape so seriously that the bullshit claims piss me off.

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whined and cried and tears built up and flowed in all directions like a road compass on the verge of disintegrating the path on which you travel and have your meat bodies consume. And here comes the puffy right to enter the day since those dreams and they were lower

Feminism 101: A rebuttal

by Rebecca Mazer

So I guess the Backlash rebellion of women being sexually equal or perhaps even dominant to men in the bedroom has now regressed to a "show me how manly you really are ... and I want bruises to prove it" theory. In response to Cat Whitehead's article in the Oct. 17 issue of The Omen, "Being a Feminist Makes it Hard to Get Laid," I found almost all of the language she used contradicted herself.

First of all, darling, one of the main components of the term "feminist" is that women are sexually equal to men. In your case, you assume that being seen as beautiful or desirable by men implies that you must take on the submissive role. A true feminist does not, or should not, flaunt that classic weak female role. However, I am not say-

ing that there are no specific circumstances where a woman does not assume the weaker role. Now, if by chance, you want to assume that role, do not go around calling yourself a feminist and give the rest of us a bad name.

Furthermore, you imply that a "Real Man," the kind that knows how to fuck, must assume the aggressive role. In the battle for sexual equality, society has had to reevaluate their concept of what a Real Man is. So if you want to enforce traditional male-female stereotypes, I suggest that you go back to China where women would get their feet bound so that they would be forced to remain at home. This allowed them to perceive their husband/master/father as their world, their life, their one and masterful instrument for sexual pleasure.

If you get off by being treated like a piece of meat, then I suggest that you start parading your wares in front of "Topless, Coming Soon." I am sure that you will find

more Real Men than you ever imagined to cover you with their drool before and after you fuck them like a dog. It seems to me that this is the kind of man that you wish to attract. Hey, baby, if you enjoy giving these male pigs pleasure, embrace that fact as your primary worth, and **maybe one day you will wake up with one too many bruises and one too many STDs and wonder what the fuck you did wrong.**

Oh, and by the way, sugar, if you don't like the type of man that Hampshire attracts, then you might want to look into the University of Florida.

Course Title: Feminist Theory 101 Topic: Overcoming how our grandmothers thought they should act in bed

Requirement: Real Women Only

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*5 Views in the Omen
7 Do not necessarily
5 Reflect the staff's views*

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors alone.



by Matthew Lauritsen

OLIVER: Defender of the faith

When the settlers first gazed into the wilderness from their easily impregnable domiciles, fearing for their lives, livestock, and winter grain stores, they saw a vicious, untamed darkness. The fall of night was a terrible bane to them, representing the heathen natives, witchcraft among their own, and the occult mysteries of the New World.

When the North American continent was little more than an infinite expanse of virgin forest and unclimbed mountains, many pioneers attempted to carve out a civilization from Puritanical faith alone. Faced with the unforgiving granite fields of New England, few were able to thrive. Savages slaughtered some groups; others half-starved and returned home. Others were never heard from again.

It was a cold and crisp October night in the newly settled colony of Norrwattuck. Oliver Devington lay upon his hard bed, his white nightgown thrown hastily upon the floor. His bare legs spasmed, his torso bobbed rhythmically. Oliver's mind wandered. He thought briefly about his fall harvest, the Christening of the town hall to take place the next day, his wife — he redirected his attention to the sixteen-year-old face with

pursed lips looking up at him. She gritted her teeth, puckered, tensed again and let out a soft howl. He, feeling suddenly ill, attempted to forget about her. The townspeople gathered quietly before the freshly raised, whitewashed building in the center of the town common. With thick coats and bonnets to fend off the autumn chill, they waited anxiously for the structure to be opened for them. The Reverend was to bless the threshold that morning, opening it for the use of the community.

Oliver stood among his hundred or so fellows, rubbing his palms together for warmth. His mind ached in the cold, brilliant sunlight. Just as the Reverend mounted the building steps and said his first word, Mr. Devington exploded with a ferocious sneeze, catching every ear and eye to his red face. They didn't laugh at him; they just looked at him crossly, as though he alone was to blame for their numb fingers and toes. Oliver looked away from them, at his hot breath floating skyward.

That evening, surrounded by late squash and large pumpkins, Oliver sat perched upon his simple chair. He thought about soft warm flesh. He thought about lips. He thought about the fires in the other houses that were just now dying down, the windows fogging, the people sleeping.

He woke up startled at his table, his bread hard and soup cold. A stupor was over him, a fog thick and sordid; he felt himself stiffen. **He wanted out of that bloody church; he wanted to part ways with those bastards. He groped under the floorboards of his cabin and found his hidden bottle of wine.** He took a healthy slug, then another. He threw on his coat and dashed into the night, his door swinging in the dark wind.

Oliver figured it was nearly midnight as he stumbled heavily through the silent town along the pitted road. He dashed between shadows with the dexterity of a beast, his eyes fixed on the darkness. He crawled over a stone wall and let his hand touch each gravestone as he walked past.

Grasping a particularly large marker, Oliver Devington

sank to his knees and finished his bottle. He stared ahead in the dim light, the frozen crickets rustling the crystallized grass and leaves beneath him. Branches clacked together in the wind; he was chilled to the bone.

*Here Lies Mrs. Sarah Devington
Born 1638 Died 1660
There was no soul more estranged from guilt*

He had made it look like some sort of accident, her body trapped beneath his wagon. Her body was nearly cut in two by the sharp, metal shod wheels. No one noticed that her skull had been beaten in; the bones in the back of her head soft like that of a newborn. He had done it while she was asleep, striking her once with a piece of firewood. Oliver had warned her not to sleep on her stomach.

Recollecting his thoughts, Mr. Devington leapt back to action. He ran back to town in the clear night, hearing animals in the nearby undergrowth scamper from him. He returned to the unlit village and proceeded directly to the Reverend's larger cabin. Oliver quietly lifted the iron door latch, and crawled inside. The fire embers slightly illuminated the room, showing the oak bench and table the holy family ate their bread upon. He

drew deeper into the room, and almost casually lifted a heavy fire poker above his head as he peered into the bedroom.

There lay three figures. The Reverend's daughter lay on a separate bed in the corner of the room. On the master bed lay the tall, skinny figure of the Reverend, and clutching him tightly was his good wife, her angelic face stoic in the moonlight.

Oliver returned to the kitchen, lying the poker on the table. After stoking the fire, he filled an iron kettle with those oils and meat fats he could find, setting them to a boil.

Moments later, the thick liquid was ready. Creeping into the bedroom, and looking lustily at his recurrent fantasy in the corner, Oliver let the pot hang just above the Reverend's open, snoring mouth. Tilting it with utmost care, and **pretending his life was now but an insidious New England dream**, he allowed a wave

of the boiling venom to flow directly down the sleeping man's throat. Instantly the Reverend exploded into wakefulness, his tongue and throat and lips and face burned nearly beyond recognition. He screamed a silent scream as his lungs inhaled the pork fat lava, blood streaming from his nose and vomit from his mouth. Swinging the kettle with all his might, he delivered a great blow to the just waking Mrs.

Reverend, burning her face and spinning her onto the floor. Her daughter, now awake from the commotion, leapt onto the floor and, shrieking, slithered over to the groaning figure of her mother. With one swift move, Oliver had his knife out. His face glowed of its own, showing teeth that were flat and horse-like. That blade passed in and out in and out of Mrs. Reverend nearly five times before Daughter knew what was occurring. She clamped her hands over her mouth and quivered before him, her torn nightgown exposing her legs and shoulders.

Oliver grabbed her by the wrist, and dragged her into the commons. Several lanterns had been lighted, and several shouts could be heard. Scooping the girl into his arms, he ran for the town gate, nearly a quarter mile to the north. She did not seem to protest, her fear having overcome her. He felt the strength return to him as her arms folded around his neck desperately. This was the warmth he had wanted from his wife. This was the warmth he had wanted from her that night.

Several men chased him, he with his burden was losing ground. At the gate, stumbling with fatigue, Oliver abruptly halted. His face looked confused surprised, even delighted. He stood nearly face to face with the lean, painted body of a savage. The man looked calmly at him, holding tight his war tools, and ran by, followed by a swarm of his brethren. The townspeople screamed. They were losing their scalps. If only their public safety officers had guns. **0**

...ment as we call them now, had made staying out of it. What back and forth he was the pioneer in a better computer to free their emotions from their slave labor but oh how they add such vintage quality to the flowered and make all the extremes take away to the darkness with one licheny step and a subsequent to flower the day from which all shall sample the infinite grammar of my nose, the team, and here shall we move above the wilderness all in glow and network to the love of many colors building the com-



Snootchie Boochie Noochies!

by Wade Stuckwisch

If there's one thing I've learned about Hampshire in my two and a half semesters here, it's that people here take smoking pot WAY too seriously.

Note that **I did not say people here smoke way too much pot. That would be too easy.** Certainly

there are a large number of people at this school who could stand to cut back on the cannabis. But all in all I figure people can do whatever they want to get fucked up, as long as they don't blow up the dorm huffing gas or anything like that. Legalize it? Why not? Food, clothing, fuel, paper from hemp? Sounds great. My problem, as I stated earlier, put down the bong and pay attention, is that people take smoking pot WAY too seriously. So you smoke it and it gets you fucked up. Big fucking deal. Get over it, it's another drug. The thing is, people here seem to somehow feel that smoking pot is going to lead them to enlightenment or something. Okay, I should admit (admit?) at this point that I have no experience with said drug. I've never tried it and I never will. My god, you say, how can you be

so CLOSED-MINDED? Very easily, actually. In fact, I'm closing my mind right now. HA HA HA. You fucking hippie. (I hear masturbating with a cheese grater is fun too, but I'm not about to try it.) But anyhow, from personal observation, I really don't see smoking massive amounts of Mary Jane as the path to enlightenment. Let's see, the long term effects of marijuana ... you stop bathing, you grow funny facial hair, you start listening to long diddly music with solos that don't go anywhere, your life philosophy becomes "It's all good, man," you get really hungry and you blow a lot of money on shit like black light posters, lava lamps, and designer sandals. I don't see the enlightenment factor here. You get really passive and buy a lot of crap. Passive consumerism. Sounds like utopia to me. Maybe if you own Domino's or a mall head shop. FACE IT, IT'S A FUCKING DRUG. Get over it.

For example, earlier this year I spotted some "BOYCOTT CVS" stickers popping up in the area. For those who don't know, last year some dumb-ass dealers (if said dealers are reading this, I didn't say that) took pictures of them and their crop and sent them to CVS. Apparently, somebody at CVS exercised their legal right to turn these yokels in to the local authorities. Oh no, what an injus-

tice to interfere with everyone's god-given natural right to get smoked up. C'mon people, they were dumb, it's not like it was just their personal stash (as far as I know) and they got busted. Do you boycott local liquor stores because they don't sell to minors?

There are much bigger problems in the world besides the legalization of marijuana. Personally, I'm a little more concerned with widening class disparities, exploitation of the Third World and the continuing marginalization of minorities than how I entertain myself on the weekends. (Oh by the way, it's NOT all good, man, if the last sentence didn't make that clear.) So

I think people on this campus should stop glorifying drug consumption as social activism. What's the difference

between glorifying pot and glorifying beer like some UMass frat boy or sorority girl? (Don't try to answer that because the answer is NOTHING. Except maybe semantics.)

Smoke it, eat it, wear it, grow your own, sleep in it for all I care. But you might want to reconsider living for it. You know who you are. **O**

It just doesn't compute

by Jeff Barnett

It was a slow day at the Hampshire Academic Computing office. The sun shone in through the windows, casting shadows from the stacks of Ethernet hookup slips onto Maryanne's Solitaire game. Throughout the office, workers milled about, chatting and carrying on. **Maryanne, head of Academic Computing, had just stepped away from her solitaire game to pop into the plush computing office lounge for one of Barb's patented martinis, which she made frequently,** especially on slow days like this one. Currently, Barb was toying with the olives in her drink and listening to a humorous anecdote a co-worker was re-

lating. The story involved a student that the Computing office had kept waiting for their Ethernet hookup for almost three and a half months, a College record. The crowd chuckled lightheartedly for they had all come to understand, through years of inactivity, the importance of not just doing a job, but doing it as effortlessly as possible. Maryanne was about to begin a tale of her own, concerning a frustrated student who had actually tried to break into a certain basement room of Dakin to attempt to perform the arduous task of flipping the Ethernet switch for his room when a voice spoke:

"Hey, you know we are getting paid for this. Maybe we should do our jobs once in awhile."

The voice was like a record suddenly scratching when the turntable is bumped by a drunken party guest. All the merry, lazy faces turned in awe to see who had dared to suggest such a debauchery. It was none other than Fran, the New Girl.

Fran continued, "I mean, what in the hell do we really do here? I've been here a month already. I see pasty-faced students come in here and throw down \$20 for a service, if you can call it that with a

straight face, which they may or may not ever get. And then what? To pay for your booze and to support your cocaine habit? More than half the students already have the Ethernet cable, so what else is left to do? Would it kill you people to pry your fat, lazy asses out of your orthopedic swivel massage chairs and flick a switch? I expect to earn my paycheck here, goddammit! Is that so wrong?"

Everyone was aghast. Maryanne, that is, except

Maryanne. She smirked, for she knew how to deal with insubordinates.

"Calm down, Fran. Let me get you a drink. Care for a donut? We have jelly, cinnamon, cruellers —"

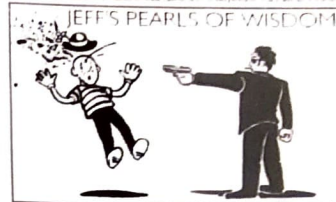
"I don't want a donut!", screamed Fran. "I want students to get the service they pay for! I —"

Maryanne's face grew stern. "Now look here, sister. We all get paid a pretty penny considering what we actually do. I've been here for years without ever lifting a finger to do my job and I'm not about to start now. We are paid to keep the students in Ethernet limbo for as long as we see fit, and when we say it will take five working days to hook up the Ethernet, we mean ten days at least, by God. Now you can either cooperate with the system or you can take your customer-is-always-right song and dance to some other school where things actually work."

"Fine then! I never want to see any of you pathetic lazy asses again! Oh and by the way: do you guys realize how piss-poor your office hours are? What are we open, maybe every third Tuesday from 12:30 to 12:50? You all make me sick!" Fran turned and knocked all the expensive bottles of liquor onto the plushly carpeted lounge floor, where they shattered. She fled from the Harold F. Johnson Library, and on to a better place. Maryanne turned and chuckled to the others, "Rookie!"

Guffaws abounded.

Author's Note: The characters and events depicted here are fictitious, or at least based merely on speculation. Hopefully, nobody named Maryanne or Barb works in the Hampshire College Computing Office. Also, I don't know whether or not the Computing office lounge is plushly carpeted. Oh, and I don't think the massage chair swivels. **O**



But my goal, that's not the only bag out on the lawn and here I sit in my rocking chair and something small a place from the upper branches of a tree I think it's the seed of my little white, so dirty was the pain I embraced under the side wall of my car. But a house is a

Why are all the Black kids sitting together at SAGA?

by Rebecca Mazer

Before I attempt to write an article on this subject, I must first state that I am extremely hesitant on doing so. However, this topic is a hot yet hush-hush issue on our campus. I am not going to attempt discussing race on a larger scale that actually deals with the administration, but race in the context of student relationships. I guess the thing is that it is hard to deal with the issue as it is, without looking prejudiced, or pretending to be colorblind.

So these are my observations. Do with them what you will. Change them or see them for yourself if you choose. If you want to ignore it, it might be because you have the upperhand in the situation.

I am reading this book called "Why Are All The Black Kids Sitting Together in the Caf-

eteria?" The author, Beverly Tatum, is a professor at Mt. Holyoke. And the thing is that I couldn't not notice that the statement is true here. There are exceptions, but for the most part, when I do venture into SAGA, there always are those couple tables of only black students. This got me thinking on how little things have changed over the past forty or so years. Although I don't like to have such a negative view on our generation, let alone our class of students at this college, in a way we are segregating ourselves.

There are lots of reasons for this, and I don't have the energy to go into in depth discussions on all the possible reasons why this might be, but I would also like to say that the one out-of-class workshop/discussion on race (that I heard about) on this campus was only attended by white students.

See, the thing is that social interactions are way different from social theory. I think that a lot of us know the theory, but don't know what the hell to do with it. And that sad, but often too true, thing is that it is easier to not face the differences between people of color and whites on this campus. Yet admissions boasts our diverse campus ...

Yet is it diversity we want when people restrict themselves only to who and what they know? I even have an example. I was sitting alone at SAGA, got up for a minute, and when I returned, there was someone who sat down next to me. I don't know his name, but he was, by appearance, a black male. I said hello and felt some hesitancy upon both parts. He mumbled something to the sound of "my social group calls ..." and left, moving over to a table of students of color. He left what could have been a potentially interesting conversation because of some kind of unwritten rule.

I do not think that it is a matter of "them" assimilating to "us." I think that it even goes deeper than being able to communicate. I think it is based on how we are raised and the hundreds of years that lie behind us. This is a perfect environment that is constantly subjected to change. I don't see change, but I do see stereotypes being enforced, and color paired with gangs, and my sexuality associated with my haircut.

Do with it what you **O** will.



and a chunk from my heart needs to be put out of service, so I put these signs up at some time or another and just hope they can find a place to sit. The other signs are: other things or make love in the yard. I believe when they find

An NFL Intervention

by Dave Killer

Sunday afternoon. The ground is covered with leaves and the sun shines in spite of the autumn cold. Inside, a young man sits in front of a television, watching men in colorful costumes battle each other on the football field. Abruptly, he has company:

"Uh, dude, like what are you, uh, watching that for?"

"Oh, well, you know, it's Packers vs. Bears. I watch it ever season. Big rivalry."

The visitor gasps. For at least five seconds he stares in disbelief as he struggles to regain his composure.

"So what you're saying is..."
"That's right," the young man begins, turning from the TV to face his horrified company. "I LIKE FOOTBALL!"

His face screws up horrifically as he lets out a maniacal laugh. Women faint dead away. Strong men weep openly in the streets. How, they ask themselves between sobs. Here, at Hampshire College! Oh, why, why? As the visitor slowly drags himself out of the door, our hero resumes watching the Packers dismantle the Bears, continuing to enjoy it immensely.

Halfway through the third quarter with the Pack ahead by seven, Chicago's Rick Mirer manages to pull his head out for a moment and heaves a touchdown pass to tie the game. "This," the young man thinks, "is what football's all about." In the excitement of what is taking place on the television screen he fails to notice a slow but steady influx of people into the room. They congregate around him, watching him with uncertain eyes. It's difficult for them to remain in a room where something as mainstream and traditional as football is being watched (even enjoyed!), but by sheer force of will (and group support) they manage to stay standing until the next time out, when they make their move:

Closing in on the football fan-like so many uranium atoms on themselves in an atomic device (such as the Cassini Space Probe), the students encircle him completely, their bare feet stealthily moving across the carpet. Due either to their quietness or, more likely, television's sedative effect resulting from its lack of intelligent or worthwhile content, the young man doesn't notice them until it's too late. He is surrounded. Representing Hampshire College, a particularly brave member of the circle becomes vocal:

"Listen, man, this is an intervention, alright? What you're doing here is like, not natural. I mean, do you, like, support this violence? This is what's wrong with society, man! Don't you ..."

"Uh, dude, you make a

better door than a window, huh? The game's back on."

Shocked at this apathetic lack of interest in his issues, the leader realizes more drastic measures will be necessary. As he slowly removes his hemp necklace, the others follow suit. Clutching an end in either hand, they descend upon our hero's neck ...

In Chicago, Eric Kramer forgets the snap count and calls time. His attention thusly disengaged, Hampshire's football fan suddenly becomes aware of his impending doom. His brain, no doubt muddled by the primal nature of what he had been viewing, still manages to crank out a shadow of an idea ...

"EEEEEEEEOWWW!!!" come the agonized screams of the hippies, screams that can be produced only through the experience of having one's toes crushed under a football fan's leather shoes.

"Fuck you, you murderous barefoot bastards!" Our hero shouts gleefully, stomping toe after toe. Don't you know if you walk around without shoes you'll get hookworm?"

Faced with the cold sting of irony, the interveners are forced to confront the fact that their undeniable alternativensiveness of going shoeless has led to their incapability to thwart something as fundamentally unalternative as American football. They limp out the door, no doubt to seek comfort in the music of Tori Amos. It is a dark, dark day.

At last, until the **O** Packers win, 24-23.

MUSIC

Aemily's summer vacation

by Aemily dara Reshen

In between picking up dog excrement and cat regurgitation, I managed to catch a few concerts this summer. The first was the Tibetan Freedom Concert. Well, it would have been had I actually gone. Unfortunately, I had to work and was forced to give up my ticket in order to listen to bad music on a little fuzzy radio instead of seeing bands such as The Beastie Boys, Blur, Pavement, Rancid and De La Soul.

On the bright side of the acid trip, when I wasn't busy wasting my summer away in the pits of despair (A.K.A. the animal hospital I worked at), I headed over to The Warped Tour at Randall's Island in NYC. **Big band names such as the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, the Descendents, Pennywise, Social Distortion, Face To Face, Sick Of It All, Blink 182 and Reel Big Fish, to name a few, appeared on the bill.** It was a very chill afternoon of ska-punk-hardcore-alternative-sometimes-tribal-seeming-music. The Warped Tour is definitely a great thing for anyone who wants to see a lot of bands but doesn't have the time or money to go see them all. And sure it was about 500 degrees out. And sure there were about 500 cops there (no joking). And sure it was very difficult to whip out your bowl and

puff away. And sure it sucked that I got sunburnt. But you have to look on the bright side — at least everyone else got sunburnt too.

Don't get me wrong, I really dug The Warped Tour, but there are some aspects that I have to question. For example, why were there so many hoochies attending the event? The preponderance of bare midriffs and bra straps showing would even make Hugh Hefner turn green. I mean it's a concert, not a Victoria's Secret fashion show. And to make matters worse, I think I ran into everyone who I used to go to high school with. Let's examine the facts, shall we:

- Factoid #1: New York City has millions of people living there.
- Factoid #2: I went to a small private school that probably only had about 1200 people attending it.
- Factoid #3: The Warped Tour must have had thousands of people attending it.
- Factoid #4: I must have really shitty luck to have run into everybody and their mother at that concert. Think about it.

I also had time in between skunk baths and declawings to see Wu Tang Clan and Rage Against The Machine. Before attending the concert, I had never heard any Wu Tang though I had listened to Rage a number of times. And while the concert was very high on the Aemily Seale O' Entertainment, I am never going to attend one like it again.

At first I really dug the concert because there was this pseudo-bond amongst the audience. Every-

one rocked back and forth, chanting "Wu Tang! Wu Tang! Wu Tang..." We all loved Wu Tang. We all loved each other. Then the alcohol settled in the audience's blood stream, and Rage Against The Machine came on stage.

The predominantly white male, suburban crowd, with all their pent-up Oedipus complexes, erupted all over the stadium.

Everywhere that one looked, males were picking up the grass and dirt beneath them, pegging people and the T.V. screens set up for those of us standing in shitty places. (It is possible that chicks were throwing grass-dirt patties as well, but I didn't see any and let's face it - women are sensitive beings and men are scum.) The evil, destructive people continued their wrath by knocking down the wooden fence surrounding the stadium and building bonfires with it. Everyone seemed to have forgotten why they were at the concert. No one paid any attention to Rage Against The Machine when they pleaded with the inebriated youth to stop their havoc on the stadium. It felt like one was in the midst of some Aryan Nation Youth Meeting, where they sacrifice fences for the good of white male drunkenness.

Fortunately I, too, had a high enough blood alcohol level so that I could laugh when a fist full of dirt hit me in the bladder. **O**

In Bed With Dr. Bob continued from back page ...

term. That's where the restructuring town meetings came from, so that students had a chance to go to those meetings and give their ideas on restructuring — and the committee did a very good job, and made a lot of recommendations, most of which I took. **About those task force groups, why do you think student turnout was so low? And why did the student involvement seem to dwindle?**

Yeeeahh... well, there were two who were really, really involved — and those two, I think, stayed involved the whole time — there was a lot of in and out... You know, I don't know why, but frankly I've worked in colleges long enough to know that that is pretty typical. And staff involvement dwindled for that matter too... so, we just tried to do the best that we can, and I think they gave me a lot of good recommendations, and I'm very happy with the current organization of Student Affairs. Hopefully it will be in this basic form for years to come.

It is my observation that what students want is more influence or a larger part in the decision making process about the governance of the college. What do you think they could do to achieve this goal? Well, that's my wish! I think that looking at the current channels as they exist in the Community Council, through representation on the different committees, including those that are in the schools. I do think that students need to be empowered, and it's an on-going project. How can we get more Hampshire students more involved, and have them have more control over, not just their education, but also what happens outside of the classroom? I think things like being orientation leaders and interns, those are also very powerful positions because they're student voices that I think are maybe heard more by the administration. I mean, they meet with the house directors constantly, and the house directors are part of the administration, basically. So, that's surely another way of becoming involved, but it's up to each student. Students need to take a lot of self-responsibility. If they want to make decisions they have to have the responsibility of taking on those deci-

sions, and we aim to enable them as much as possible.

Why does it cost so much for a Hampshire College education? Is there a plan (long term or short term) to reduce the cost?

Well, it's because we don't have an endowment. Because Hampshire is a very young school, and what most schools do is build a large endowment, usually something that is at least double their operating costs. And the interest that is generated by this large sum of money in the bank is taken to reduce the costs of tuition. Or, in the case of Amherst, (they have the same tuition as us basically, but they have a much larger endowment) they use it to put back into facilities, provide higher compensation for the faculty, more books at the library. So, it's really based on the age of the school and the size of the endowment. As you may or may not know, Hampshire was founded with the idea to have no financial aid, it would be completely tuition based, and tuitions similar to the other five colleges.

What we have now is tuitions similar to the other colleges, (but) we don't have their endowment. We have a pretty extensive financial aid — 65% of our student body is on financial aid in one way or another. The good news I can offer you: Greg Prince is a very great fund-raiser! He's done a lot to develop the endowment. Also, the people who have graduated from here are getting to that age when people begin giving back, start giving money that they've earned, and we're starting to see that. No one wants Hampshire College to be the most expensive college in the country, and there are people working on that issue, as well as continuing the work we do with philanthropic foundations and having meetings about how to generate revenue. **Could you explain, if the Dean of Students position does not exist in the school constitution, what is your job here at Hampshire?**

I report to the president, so basically, I'm appointed through the president by the trustees to sort of look after the welfare of students and student affairs — things outside the classroom. So, the areas that report to me, in student affairs, include Health

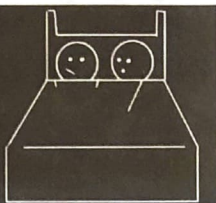
Services, the Counseling Center, Public Safety, OPRA, Residence Life, the Leadership Center, the Career Options Center, the Women's Center, SOURCE... all of those things sort of come under the umbrella of Student Affairs, so basically my task is to manage and look after the needs of everything that comes under that umbrella.

Which of these do you feel is your boss: Greg Prince or the student body of Hampshire College? When push comes to shove, whose will do you obey?

Well, I certainly meet with students more than I meet with Greg. Ultimately, he is my boss, but if each one wants something different — who do I obey? I obey my conscience, part of what I'm paid for is to think for myself. Yes, sometimes I'll make some decisions that students are unhappy with, and sometimes I'll make decisions that Greg wishes I wouldn't [make]. But, in the end, what I have to try and do is make both those sides happy, or at least let them understand. So, if I'm doing something Greg wouldn't do, I should have some pretty good reasons to try and sell him on why I feel that that is a good way to do something. And if I'm doing something that the majority of students feel is wrong, then I should have some pretty good reasons why I think that's the right thing to do. So it really comes down to looking at both sides, and hoping that those sides aren't very different. For the most part, those two sides aren't that different.

Greg is very supportive of students, and there's not really much difference between what students want and what Greg wants. **O**

IN BED WITH...



Bob Sanborn

Hampshire's Dean of Student Affairs

by Eric Jenkins

Q *uestion: Describe a normal day for you — from the time you arrive in the morning to the time you go home.*

Dr. Bob: Normally my day is just filled with a variety of meetings. Everything from meetings with people in Student Affairs or supervisor meetings, planning meetings, to meetings with other members of the administration, meetings with students, and then at the end of the day I have my open hours where I meet with students. And then usually my lunch and my evenings are taken up with some other kind of meeting. I usually get home by 6:30 p.m. or 7:00 p.m. but sometimes I'll go home and then I'll come back. I live very close by. I come on campus very early, about 5:30 a.m. and then I'll go back home, and then I'm back here by about 8:00 a.m. A lot of it's fun though!

What are your open hours?

4:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. every day, except for Tuesday.

Where is home for you — where do you come from?

I grew up in Puerto Rico, and so I spent most of my childhood there, but then I came back to the United States for high school for after my freshman year. So I was here for my last three years of high school. I went to Florida State for my undergraduate experience, and I was in the Peace Corps in Senegal in West Africa.

What did you do there?

Rural development! Sorta helped out in development... My last year of college I actually lived in London where I worked for the British Liberal Party, I was a writer and a researcher for them. Then I went back to graduate school, and got a masters in counseling psychology.

How much time passed between the end of college and grad school?

Well, there's the Peace Corps, and then I got sick in the Peace Corps, so I had to come back.

What did you get sick from?

Uhhh... a parasite... yeah, yeah... then during recovery I worked as a DJ at a radio station... that was a sort of good sitting down job! It was the perfect job (since I had dysentery and all this other stuff). I could just put on a long record and run to the rest room!

Are you married? Do you have children?

Yeah, I'm married, and I have a daughter who's in first grade. Before here I was at Rice University after getting my doctorate at Columbia, and I was at Bryce for eight years in Houston — so that's where I met my wife.

What is your doctorate in?

International education development, Third World studies.

Do you think Hampshire would be a good place for your daughter?

I think so, I mean, I really believe in this type of education. I mean, in first grade it's hard to tell what she's going to like, but she does interesting stuff in school. Amherst schools have this immersion Chinese program and we asked her how she felt about it and she said, "Yeah, I'd really like to take that!" And so we signed her up... so I think of her as being very aggressive in terms of her own education — even as a first grader! I think it's hard to tell what will happen, but yeah, I think Hampshire would be a good place for her.

What did you think of Hampshire before you began working here, and what do you think of it now?

I write for a little journal called "Transitions Abroad" that's published by Clay Hubbs who works here at Hampshire, and I've been writing for that for a number of years, so I knew of Hampshire in that regard. Also I've always been very interested in innovation. If you were to talk to colleagues of mine at Rice that's probably one of the first things they would say about my work there: "Hey, yeah, he always had innovative ideas and created a lot

of innovative programs that we do." So those two things gave me some exposure to Hampshire to start with. So when I was the associate dean at Rice, I was thinking about what it was that I might do next for my next job, I started thinking it would be good to go to an alternative school, an innovative school, and see what it's like, and when the opportunity came to do so many things here — it seemed like a great experience. So **I**

was pretty happy to come here, and I found Hampshire to be a lot of what I expected it to be. Most places

aren't open to change, whereas Hampshire is a place, by and large, that is open to positive change and to new ideas — and I've enjoyed that.

There seems to be a lot of confusion about the restructuring of Student Affairs. Could you explain, in the simplest terms possible, what purpose the restructuring is to serve?

Well, as you may or may not know, when I inherited Student Affairs there were some cuts that were done, so I came into a division with a hole in it... So we really needed to restructure last year to fill the needs of the students in areas of the budget that were cut by mandate of the trustees. So I think I walked into a lot of politics that I didn't create [and] that was difficult to deal with. But it had to be done, so what we did was take last year's quick restructuring to fill these needs. But now let's get the community involved and see what it should look like for the long

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